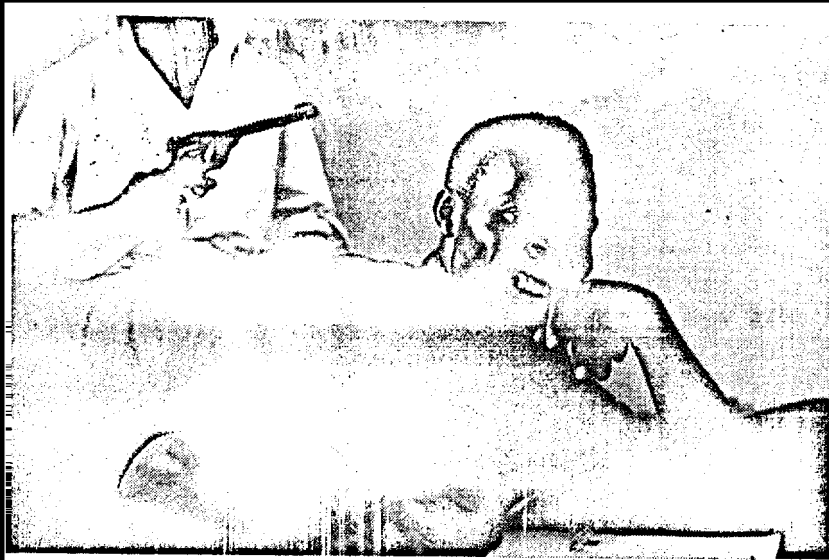


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**F**ield Marshal John Okello, shown here with bodyguard, led 1964 Zanzibar revolution, is now involved with "grand plan" for revolution in all of East Africa. Menacing mask (right) was done by Sudanese tribesmen.

American Negro Discovers  
a New Racist Threat

# Black Mask of Angry Africa

The author, a 29-year-old American Negro who studied economics at Boston University, where she was graduated in 1956, has written on sociological and economic subjects for newspapers in the U.S., the

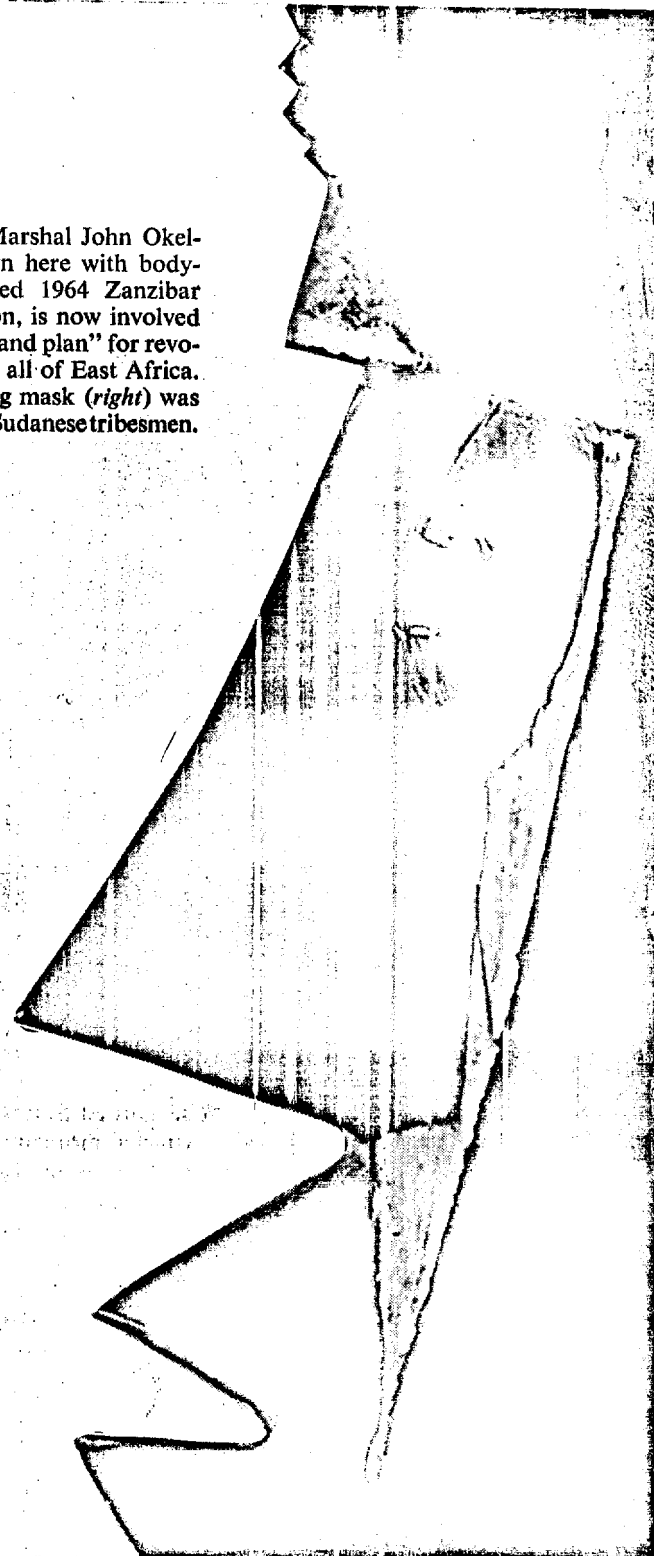
Middle East and West Africa. Following a visit to West Africa in 1961, she wrote a book of essays, *The Deep Ditch and the Narrow Pit*. She wrote this LIFE article based on a visit to East Africa last year.

CPYRGHT by IDA LEWIS

I arrived in Kampala, the capital of Uganda, only a few weeks after receiving that letter from my friend in East Africa. Come to East Africa, he had said: "By the end of 1965, the world will be amazed

that what is being planned could happen here. The Chinese are penetrating hard and making enormous strides. Zanzibar is their base. Visit Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika—and, if you are permitted, go to Zanzibar."

Now, in Uganda, I wanted to see a man named John Okello—he calls himself Field Marshal John Okello. I knew that he had been very important once and that he might be important again. He had led a successful left-wing revo-



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lution in Zanzibar back in January 1964, but he fell out of favor with the revolutionary council and was expelled from the island. Since then Zanzibar, although technically united with Tanganyika as Tanzania, has gone its own pro-Chinese "socialist" way.

In the Grand Hotel bar I struck up a gin-and-tonic conversation with a tall young Ugandan. His brother was a diplomat on assignment in the U.S. and he asked whether he might be of some help to me. I said jokingly that if he knew John Okello he could indeed be helpful.

"I know John," my new friend said. I was stunned. Could he help me get an interview? He said he would try.

At noon next day I met my friend again. "We have an appointment with Okello at 1:30," he said. "But we must be careful. We both can get into trouble—the local police are keeping their eyes on him."

We went to a dingy hotel. Okello remained seated when we entered his room, which rather resembled a hole for a mole. He is a powerful man. His face is ebony and soft; his eyes are sharp and alert. He held a black walking stick in his hands. An interpreter was present; Okello is articulate in Swahili but knows little English. When my friend introduced me, Okello merely said, "*Jambo*." There was no smile on his face. "*Jambo*," I answered nervously.

For about 15 minutes Okello sat observing me as my friend and the interpreter and I chatted. Finally I turned to Okello, managed a smile and asked, "And how are you, Mr. Field Marshal?" Okello came alive. "I'm fit and ready," he said, swelling out his chest and arching his arms.

He talked about Mother Africa. There are only two things free in Africa today, he said, "the flags flying in the wind and the ministers of parliament. . . .

"We will not rest," he exclaimed dramatically, "until Africa is free of every white devil and all Africa is united."

Okello wanted to know about the Negro revolution in America.

When I told him the Negro leadership was somewhat divided, a slow, arrogant smile slipped across his face. "What is your mother country?" he asked.

"The United States," I said. Okello froze, and he repeated the question. "The United States," I said again. A third time he asked.

This time I did not wait for the interpreter but said with finality, "The United States of America."

After a moment Okello stood up and shook my hand. I asked if I might talk with him again. "Perhaps," he said.

Over the next two weeks I saw Okello three more times. He began to relax; the interpreter told me confidentially that Okello had been reluctant to talk with me at first because he thought I was a Christine Keeler type working for the CIA. The thought amused me.

"God chose me," Okello said, "to give Zanzibar back to the Africans. And," he boasted, "I left 10,000 dead in Zanzibar. Africa has not heard the last of me."

Certainly Okello intends to be heard from again. "The Zanzibar revolution," he said at our fourth and last meeting, "was just the beginning. Before that a grand revolutionary plan had been drawn up to crush the governments of the Sudan, Somalia, Kenya, a country in the Middle East and the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean.

"When Babu [Minister of Cooperatives and Commerce Abdul Rahman Mohammed; "Babu" is a nickname] returned from Peking and Pakistan, he unfolded the plan to the revolutionary council and assured us that Red China was fully committed to our objectives in Zanzibar. Right after the revolution in Zanzibar, a Liberation Institute was established on Pemba Island."

I had heard of Pemba Island before, but I had not known of its significance.

"The purpose," Okello continued, "is to train Africans in subversion and guerrilla tactics in Cen-

Africa. Arms will go to guerrilla and terrorist groups in these places by way of Zanzibar."

All this seemed to me the wishful dream of a vain and bloodthirsty man, and eventually Okello realized that I did not believe him.

"Everything I told you can be proved by four men," he insisted. "One is here in Uganda; I will send him to you. Two are in Dar es Salaam. One is a Tanganyikan of high standing in the government; the other is a Zanzibarian who participated with me in the revolution. The fourth is working in Zanzibar itself."

"Take this," he said as he scribbled his signature on a paper napkin. "Give it to my friend inside Zanzibar if you go there, and he will know that I sent you. I will send a note to my friends in Tanganyika and tell them to expect you. Simply tell them all that

I told you about Pemba Island."

As he handed me the napkin, Okello suggested that he should come to America and "lead the Negro revolution." I took my leave. I was not to see him again.

Three days later a man wearing a dirty blue beret visited me. He was short and thin with big eyes. He wore a gray linen suit which had once been white.

"Okello sent me," the man said. "He told me you were all right to talk to." He spoke hesitantly, looking downward. I had liked Okello, in spite of his narcissistic bombast, but this man frightened me. He identified himself as a revolutionary "field agent." I asked him to name the next trouble spot.

"Sudan," he replied.

"Who is there to fight against in the Sudan?"

"The Arabs. Sudan is a prison camp for black Sudanese. Since independence in 1956, 200,000 blacks have fled from Sudan to Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and

Ethiopia. We are preparing a revolution against the Arabs."

He reached inside his breast pocket and fished out a crudely

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"Our troops are training here," he said, "in the southern forest in Sudan, bordering Uganda and Kenya. Our revolutionary generals are training guerrillas."

"How many troops?"

"Thousands of black Sudanese are being prepared for the revolution."

"But a revolution is expensive. Where are you getting the weapons and money?"

I did not expect an answer, but it came: "Our money comes from Nkrumah and our weapons come through Zanzibar."

If he was not fazed by the question, I was taken aback by the mention of Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah. I told him I thought this a dangerous enterprise, because the Sudan was an Arab country as well as a black man's country.

"The Sudan is free for Arabs only, not for blacks," he practically shouted. "The Arabs regard black men as animals. Today the blacks in Sudan suffer far

more than they did under British rule."

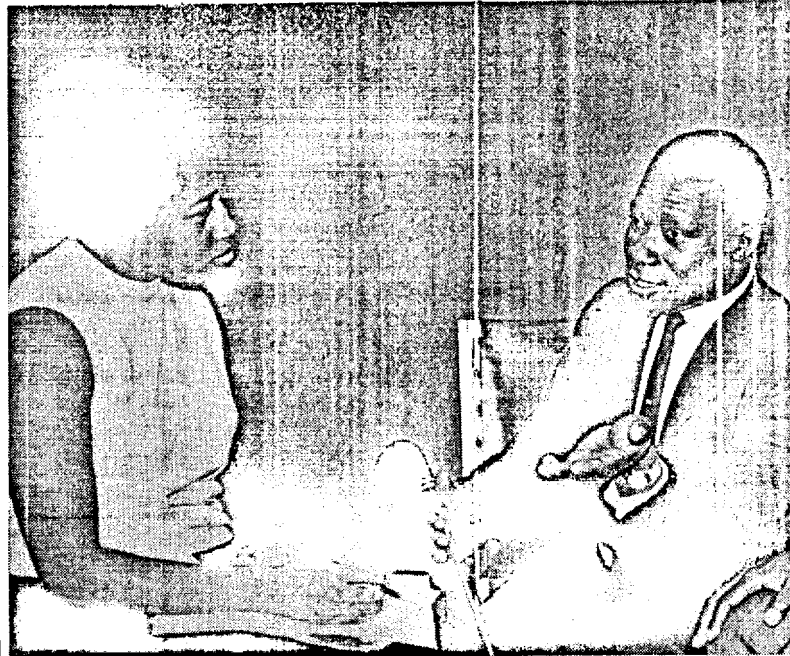
What did he want of the Arabs, I asked. Control, he replied. "No black African has forgotten the role Arabs have played in our past. You yourself, an American African—you are a victim of the Arab slave trade. We do not trust the Arabs, and that includes Nasser."

I said nothing. He went on.

"The Arabs consider the Sudan part of the Middle East. Sudan is a member of the Arab League. The Arab League is anti-Israel. We blacks have no quarrel with the Jews."

He was now pacing up and down. Then he sat down, drew his chair closer to mine and said in a low voice, "One night . . . a black revolution will emerge from the forest and explode in the streets of Khartoum . . . and when that night falls, no Arab will sleep in the Sudan."

When I arrived at Dar es Salaam, the capital of Tanzania, it



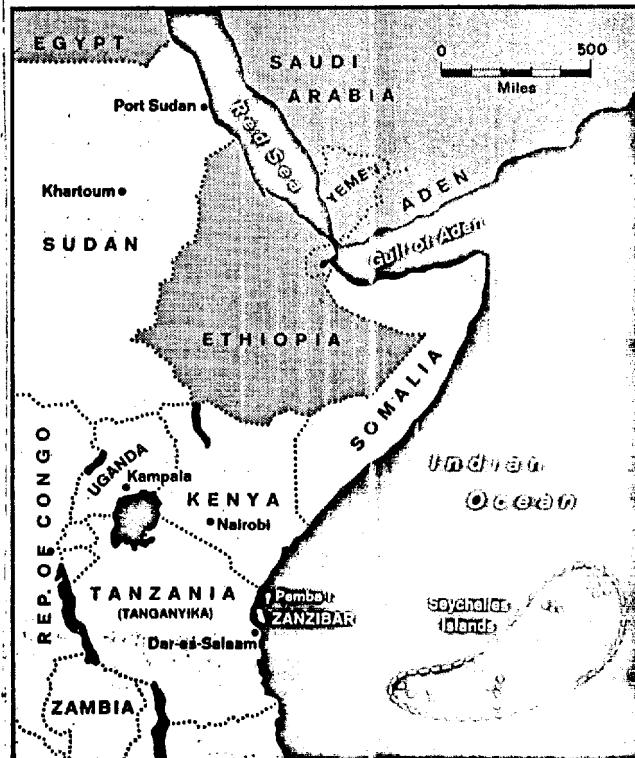
Miss Lewis interviewed John Okello in Kampala. A photograph of the interview, like the one at left, was published and caused her to be banned from Zanzibar. Map shows Pemba Island, allegedly a terrorist training ground. In white are nations, all new since the war, which Africans said they will take over by violence—starting with Sudan and including the Seychelles.

was 11 a.m. and scorching hot. As I walked across the fiery tarmac, a smiling young man intercepted me.

"Are you Miss Lewis? I'm the protocol officer of Tanganyika. Please follow me."

In the VIP lounge he offered me a drink and asked me to give him my passport. I told him I would be taking the 4 p.m. flight to Zanzibar. "Don't worry," he said. "I've been instructed to make you comfortable."

With several hours to kill I decided to telephone to the Tanganyikan of "high standing" Okello had mentioned. He was a minister in the Tanzanian government, and I hoped to see him when I got back from Zanzibar. To my surprise the minister said he had heard from Okello and was anxious to meet me. I told him to expect me in five days. He said, "Keep your eyes open in Zanzibar but keep all thought to yourself."



At lunch in the Dar es Salaam airport the protocol officer quizzed me about my reasons for going to Zanzibar. However, a few minutes before I boarded the plane, my passport was returned to me.

Then my luck ran out. As I was about to enter the plane, I heard loud voices shouting, "Stop her! Stop her!" I turned and saw three men racing toward the plane. One of them strode up the ramp.

"Are you Ida Lewis?"

"Yes."

"You are not going to Zanzibar."

He took my overnight bag, led me down the steps and back to his office. "What do you want in Zanzibar?" he asked.

I said nothing. He repeated the question and added, "What did Okello tell you? Whom did he tell you to see?"

I was irritated. "Why not stop playing detective?" I asked. "Tell me what this is all about!"

The officer sat down and finally explained: "I've just spoken to Vice President Karume on the telephone. He informed me that you are a security risk. He has photographs of you and has instructed me to stop you. Karume says that you are a spy. Are you?" Then I remembered that a photograph showing me with John Okello had appeared in the Nairobi edition of the *Daily Nation*, which circulates throughout East Africa. It had been taken in Kampala by a freelance photographer who was Okello's friend.

The officer stood up and said in a louder voice, "Don't you know Zanzibar is in trouble? The place is full of Communists. Not even President Nyerere knows what's going on there most of the time." He paused and then asked, "What do you want to do now?"

"I would like to take the first plane out of your damned country," I replied.

"There is no plane tonight," he said. "Give me your passport." Reluctantly I handed it over and he left the room. Ten minutes later he returned. I had permission to remain for three days as "a guest of the government."

The security officer drove me into Dar es Salaam, registered me at the New Africa Hotel and told me not to go away; he would return at 9 o'clock to dine with me.

When he left, I rang up Okello's friend, the minister. He was not at home. I left word for him to call me at the hotel.

**N**ext morning at breakfast I noticed a headline on the front page of the *Daily Nation*: "DEBARRED FROM ZANZIBAR." Me. Why? "... Possibly because of a recent photograph which showed her in conversation with the island's [Zanzibar's] revolutionary leader, the former 'Field Marshal Okello,' while she was in Uganda."

Then, after breakfast, I discovered that my passport was missing. It had been removed from my purse. The U.S. Embassy listened to my story and issued me a new passport in about four hours.

The morning of the next day an American official—a Negro—visited me at the New Africa Hotel and asked me to come to his office. There, he asked me if there was any reason, aside from the photograph in the newspaper, why I should have had so much trouble.

I told him that in Uganda I had seen Okello's friend, the revolutionary field agent; I told him what he had told me about the Sudan, and I added that he had given me a map locating guerrilla positions in the Sudan. I said I also had a manuscript, purporting to be his life story, which Okello had given me. I handed him the lot.

He inspected the material and said, "Do you realize, young lady, that if the authorities had searched you and found this package, you would certainly have been jailed as a spy? Are you sure you have told me everything?"

By this time a second American official had joined us. I asked them, "Do you know anything about Pemba Island?" I briefly outlined what Okello had told me. The second official said, "It's true. Pemba Island is suspected to be the Sierra Maestra of East Africa. We do know that it has something to do with Communist infiltration and subversion in Africa."

They advised me to leave Dar es Salaam immediately. But I was not entirely frank with them; I did not wish to leave the city until I had talked to Okello's two other friends—particularly the Tanzanian minister.

Back at the hotel I waited for the minister to call. Dar es Salaam is not a good place to wait for anything; the heat, the drabness, the little huddles of unsmiling people whispering to one another got on my nerves. Late that evening the telephone rang—it was the minister. I took a taxi to his home early the next morning; he was positive that no one would be watching my hotel at 6:30 a.m. When I arrived, the minister was waiting in front of the house. He greeted me, smiling warmly. He led me indoors, down a long hall into a study dominated by long shelves of books. A barefoot houseboy came in with a pot of tea and some English biscuits.

The minister was a man of about 40, tall and fully fleshed. His strangely impressive face was dominated by a pugnacious nose, and he had a decidedly English accent. Four of the fingers on the right hand were well manicured, but the nail on his little finger was more than an inch long and had begun to curl.

We began to talk politics. The minister was allergic to white Americans, he said. He was a racist and a firm believer in revolution by force. I sat sipping tea. Finally he asked, "I do not annoy you?"

"No," I said, "nothing disturbs me since I've been branded a security risk in Zanzibar and am virtually under house arrest here." He laughed.

Okello's other friend arrived—the Zanzibarian who, John Okello said, had fought with him in the Zanzibar revolution. He had a peculiar Arab-African look, and his eyes were cruel. His figure was emaciated, but his clothes were immaculate.

**A**s a houseboy served us a breakfast of liver, tomatoes and bacon and eggs, we talked of the American racial situation. The minister and the Zanzibarian saw no hope in America for the black man. I said that conditions had improved and were improving. They were unimpressed. They felt that the American Negro did not know how to handle the white man; I was, to them, a "naive" American Negro.

After breakfast they wanted to talk about black Africa. "Look at

harshly. "What do we have? President T... dictator; Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, a feudal king; Houphouet-Boigny and Léopold Senghor in the Ivory Coast and Senegal—*Parisians noirs*; Sir Abubakar Balewa in Nigeria, an English headmaster; Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya, a grand but old man; and Tshombe in the Congo—the pity and the shame of Africa."

I glanced at the minister; he offered no comment. I said to the Zanzibarian, "You don't seem to approve of any existing leader or government in Africa except your own. Who do you feel will emerge as the dominant political figure in East Africa?"

"Babu," he answered without hesitation. "Mohammed Rahman Babu. He was the brain behind our revolution in Zanzibar. He is also young, clever and a man of the common people."

"And what about Nkrumah?"

"We must work with Nkrumah. But we are suspicious of him. He is aggressive, and his aims smell of imperialism. He spends millions of pounds on propaganda."

"What about Nasser?"

"Ben Bella is our choice in the north," he said—Ahmed ben Bella, president and premier of Algeria. "But we will not tolerate Arab domination of black Africa."

Suddenly the minister stood up, a trace of irritation on his face. "The West," he said sharply, "is the cause of all our troubles in Africa." Then, in his best Oxford English, he asked, "Do you have an American dollar . . . May I have it?"

I gave him a dollar bill, and he waved it in the air. "It is this which has poisoned independent Africa and bought our pseudo-anti-imperialist leaders. This is our greatest danger." Then he tore the bill into pieces which fell about his feet.

"This is what we think of your dollar," he said.

For a few moments I thought of home—yes, home: "White America." *When I get home . . . I will soak up all that damned American air. . . . I will smile at every American, black and white, man, woman and child I meet . . . I will be grateful for every dollar I earn. . . . yes, dollars. . . . What's more, I dig America. . . .*

In the following silence I lit a cigaret. Then the minister asked, "What . . . in no mood to kid around. I told



him I wanted to know about Pemba Island, and about the grand design to spread Zanzibar's socialist revolution to the African continent.

The minister and the Zanzibarian seemed both startled and amused by the question.

"John Okello?" asked the Zanzibarian.

"John Okello," I replied.

"Why should we tell you anything?" asked the minister.

"Because I would like to know. Besides, what harm can I do you?"

The Zanzibarian glared at me and said, "The newspaper said you were a writer. What kind of writer?" I had a copy of a book of a dozen essays I had written following a visit to West Africa in 1961—*The Deep Ditch and the Narrow Pit*.

"Interesting title. Your own?"

"No, I pirated it from the Bible. In Proverbs there is a passage that says a whore is a deep ditch and a strange woman is a narrow pit."

The Zanzibarian smiled for the first time. "We have plenty of both in Africa," he said.

The Zanzibarian thumbed the book and asked, "What's this?" He read aloud. "The Black Cardinal: An Essay on a Human Ideal." His eyes scanned the chapter and he read aloud again: *I had a vision of a Black Cardinal last night / I noticed his stance / I held his hand / I felt his touch / I watched him pray / And as I woke I heard him say. . . . 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set ye free.'*

The Zanzibarian said, "I am a Black Cardinal."

In Peking, Tanzania's development and planning chief, Nsilo Swai (*far left*), and Vice President Rashidi Kawawa (*center*) march with Red Chinese in June 1964 when China pledged loan.

I resented his remark. The minister read the poem and said, "You have a great love for the black man."

"Ah," said the Zanzibarian indifferently, "she's black like me." I resented that remark, too.

I asked, "What about it, fellows? Do I get what I want or not?" I spoke again. "You're not going to cooperate, are you?"

The Zanzibarian asked, "What is your politics? Are you a capitalist, socialist, a Communist?"

"I'm registered as an independent."

"Is there such a thing in the United States?"

"Yes," I replied. The minister turned his back and spoke to the Zanzibarian in Swahili.

"Would you be willing to take an oath of silence?" the minister asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm writing a novel about black Africa and I can use first-hand information." Again they spoke in Swahili. Then I heard the Zanzibarian say in English, "Who would believe her?"

The minister asked, "What did Okello tell you?" I outlined briefly my conversation with John Okello and added, "He also said there was more to know."

The minister sat down and began to talk. "Yes, we are preparing for a full-scale blockade of South Africa. And a blockade is an

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act of war." He and the Zanzibarian looked at each other knowingly, and the minister continued:

"We must gain control of the Indian Ocean and its oceanic territories. It is a grand plan and most of those involved in this project do not realize the vastness of it."

A blockade of South Africa? Control of the Indian Ocean? And by whose navy? I said, "It sounds like messy business."

The minister snapped back, "It's a 'messy business' that 10 million South Africans suffer daily humiliation at the hands of the inhuman Verwoerd crew."

I said, "If what you propose happens, then thousands of blacks as well as whites will die."

The minister's eyes were cold now: "Yes, if need be, thousands will die—blacks as well as whites. If this is the only way to obtain black independence in South Africa, then blood must flow. . . .

"These blackmail tactics. . . . They say to us, 'Don't pressure the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique. Don't disturb the white settlers in Rhodesia. . . . Don't dare bother Verwoerd in South Africa, because if you do we will starve.' But we will not be blackmailed."

"No other issue causes more tension and insecurity among the people of black Africa than the white devil's apartheid regime in South Africa. We cannot afford to wait for those other countries to become independent before we do something about South Africa."

"If we can manage to pull the rug from under South Africa, these others will toe the line. A blockade of South Africa will enhance our prestige and power. The imperialists will be compelled to bargain with us as equals. South Africa is the prize of Africa."

I asked if this were not a task for the Organization of African Unity. The Zanzibarian dismissed the O.A.U. as "a pseudo-anti-imperialist organization." He said, "We advocate armed revolution-

ary struggle and we are well organized."

"Organized by whom?"

"We are not stupid," said the minister. "We know we cannot succeed without the help of a major world power. For this purpose we have the full commitment of the People's Republic of China."

"Why China?" I asked. "Why not Russia?" They both looked at me as if I were stupid.

The Zanzibarian answered. "The problem with white people is that they believe history did not begin in Africa before they came. But there are ancient ties of trade which date back 1,000 years and connect China with Somalia, Madagascar and Zanzibar. For instance, Madagascar has the largest Chinese population in Africa [8,900]."

The minister spoke up in an old cliché: "We will accept money from anyone, provided no strings are attached." I could not resist interpolating, "Like a whore." He ignored that and continued: "The Russians offered us weapons but no money. The Chinese are giving us both, and the loans are interest-free. The Chinese will help us take over South Africa."

My God!—Africa swamped with Red Chinese. I said, "You're forgetting Great Britain's navy and a large American fleet which safeguards the trade and commerce of the free world in the Indian Ocean."

"And you are forgetting," answered the minister, "possibly the most powerful weapon of all—world opinion."

He smiled. "If we lay the proper foundations, world opinion will be our strongest defender in the Indian Ocean, as it was Egypt's at the time of the Suez Canal crisis in 1956."

The Zanzibarian interrupted. "Let us suppose that Third World

forces are in control in Southeast Asia—that is, Indonesia and Malaysia. And in all the territories of the Indian Ocean. Tell me, what's to stop us from effecting a total blockade of all commerce and trade bound for South Africa?"

I asked timidly, "What about India?"

The minister burst into a roar of laughter. "The Indians? Those pacifists? Ask the Chinese about the Indians!"

I asked the minister just what was meant by a "Third World" force. He answered, "Peking is the hub of the Third World. In a way, you may call us Peking Africans."

Peking Africans? Amusing. I said, "It sounds to me as if China is playing a game of chess, with you Africans as their pawns."

The Zanzibarian's mouth came open; then his big lips rounded out and he said, "We are the pawns of no one. Africans, the Asians and the Latin Americans are partners!"

The minister was angry. His eyes narrowing, his face wide with annoyance, he spat at me:

"You must understand that the Afro-Asian bloc is a growing non-white entity. This is how we want it: At the United Nations we will soon have the power as a group to control and dictate the policies of the entire world."

"In fact, without Red China there can be no United Nations."

I stammered that he was dividing the world into Vanity Blocs—blocs of coloreds and whites. This was racism.

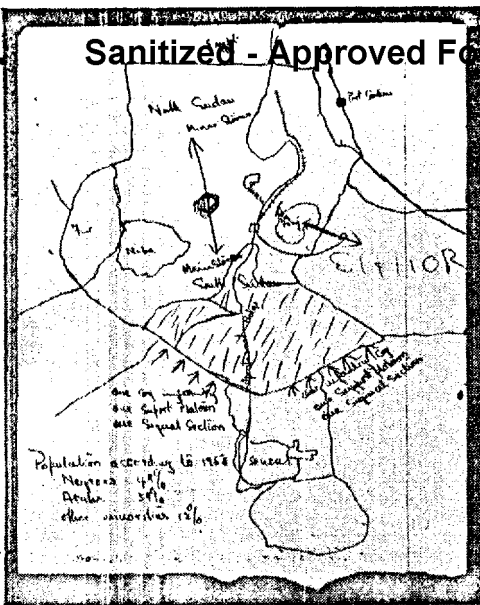
"So what?" the minister replied. "Even God is a racist."

At about 3 o'clock the houseboy brought sandwiches, a full bottle of gin, ice and tonic. But I wanted to know more about the Liberation

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Map given to Miss Lewis by Okello's Kampala friend, the revolutionary "field agent," purports to show guerrilla dispositions for a Sudan takeover. Dashes indicate dense forest areas where guerrillas are allegedly being trained. Agent's handwriting indicates, with some misspellings, location of Ethiopia, "major and minor stores" (supply areas), "operational headquarters," infantry strength and a Sudan population breakdown.



Revolutionaries' hope to lead a "Peking Africa" is Abdul Rahman Mohammed, usually called "Babu." He is a far-left leader of Zanzibar's nationalist party.

Institute on Pemba Island. The Zanzibarian answered:

"It is in a restricted area of the island near the town of Chake Chake. Since March 1964, over 6,000 Red Chinese volunteers have entered my country for the purpose of manning and directing the Institute. Recruits from the Sudan, Somalia, Aden, Kenya and the Seychelles are being trained in guerrilla tactics and guerrilla warfare. They are already being returned to their respective countries to prepare them.

"We have learned much from the mistakes of our Cuban comrades. We do not intend to launch direct attacks from Zanzibar, as Castro did against certain countries in South America. Our revolutions will be led from within."

The minister broke in: "First we ignite a black revolution in the Sudan. The issue there is Arab domination.

"Our plans then take us to Somalia, at the horn of East Africa. These plans will naturally affect Kenya and Ethiopia. The new Somali government will demand the return of territories that were illegally annexed to Ethiopia and Kenya by the colonists.

"Somalia's fight with Ethiopia is traditional. Ethiopia is a peculiar African state which is now forced to identify herself with black Africa because of time and change. Revolution in Ethiopia is not our concern now; her day will come when Selassie dies.

"Kenya is different. Kenyatta has a loyal following, but he is old and has gone soft. Our key word for Kenya is patience. But we have a good man in Kenya—Oginga Odinga, Minister of Internal Affairs [now vice president]."

I shook my head in disbelief, but the minister kept talking. He moved on into the Indian Ocean and in a sentence or two took over the British crown colony of the Seychelles, a cluster of 92 small islands 1,000 miles east of Zanzibar. "They are strategically important," he said. "Like Zanzibar, they will have their great day. And once more the British will go home."

The minister was pleased with himself. He walked to his desk, picked up a globe and said, not quite seriously, "I have the whole world in my hands." Then he said very seriously:

"If we are to effect a blockade of South Africa, we must cross the Gulf of Aden and bring self-government to Aden. This is a sensitive spot. Here are the oil monopolies of the imperialists. We expect a world crisis here. The issue will be the British military base. Soon Aden will be a free state. You shall see. The year 1965 is crucial for the Third World.

"As for black Africa—once the Indian Ocean is under our control, there is no God who will be able to save the whites in South

Africa. It will be our pleasure to strip Verwoerd of all his white glory and hang him from the highest pole in Johannesburg."

He paused.

"And you, young lady, will look back and remember these very moments and say, 'He told me.'"

The minister sat down, placed the globe between his legs and began to outline the continent of Africa with his forefinger. He did it three times. Then he spoke again. "The Third World will come face to face with the British navy in the Indian Ocean. We shall see what price they will pay to 'safeguard the trade and commerce of the Free World.'

"Then—a black South Africa. Wealth, real world power and African unity, and surely—some day—a black bomb to protect ourselves from the bloody white devils."

The minister stood up, raised the globe above his head and balanced it in his hand. "Who will then," he asked, "have the whole world in his hands?"

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On my way back to Paris I kept wondering how much of all this I should take seriously. Such day-dreaming! And such hatred and such tragedy, all lying barely underneath the paper-thin juridical veneer of the new Africa. I also reflected on the American Negro's dilemma—my dilemma. *We concentrate our thoughts and energies on exposing the whites; they are the evil ones. We, the blacks, are sanctified by the mere fact that we are yesterday's disinherited. For me, as a Negro, the easy way out was plain. I could write that "the natives are doing fine . . . they send you their love." I could write another "goddam white" story. Or I could write the truth: until he recognized the mote in his own eye—until, in this matter of black and white, he ceases to be false to himself—no black man, in Africa or in America, will be truly free.*

The man seated next to me in the plane was a big, square-faced English-educated black Kenyan. He sympathized with me for being an American Negro. "You must come to Africa," he said. "You would be a queen in Africa." I remembered a young man with

whom I had spent a marvelous evening during a tour in Nairobi. "Will you come to bed with me?" he asked. I said no. He looked at me and said, "You don't like me because I'm black."

"I have two wonderful boys, 3 and 5 they are," the man in the plane went on. "They are the future of Africa." I asked if his wife wore traditional African dress. "Indeed yes, and she looks beautiful in it. I'm a lucky man." After all this racism I was happy to hear someone speak of love.

He quoted a poem: *Give me black souls,/ Let them be black/ Or chocolate brown/ Or make them the/ Color of dust—/ Dustlike,/ Browner than sand./ But if you can/ Please keep them black.*

He took out a photograph of his family. "I think the smaller one resembles me." He laughed. "Surely you can see that the older boy is exactly like his mother, and what a temperament!"

His wife's face was fair. "She looks French," I said.

"No, no," he beamed. "She is English."

**P** rime target of nationalists is South Africa, bastion of old Boer supremacy. Here South African blacks during 1960 riots make a bonfire of hated passbooks.



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